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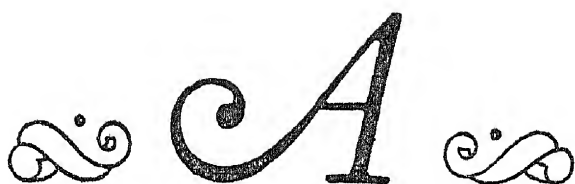
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FOREWORD

The nucleus of this little book has been provided by John Galsworthy; a score or so of quotations were chosen by him. The rest have been added mostly from the last six novels. Two paragraphs only are direct replies to correspondent or questionnaire: his reactions to music, and his definition of true pessimism. My very grateful thanks are due to R. H. Sauter for his enlivening and beautiful decorations throughout the book.

Ada Galsworthy.



Of *ADVICE*

Of *AIR-RAIDS*

Of *AMERICANS*

Of *ART*

Of *AUTHORITY*



Of ADVICE:

"I want to ask your advice. So and so has done such and such. . . I have made up my mind——"

Of AIR-RAIDS:

In October 1917, when air-raids on London were acutely monotonous there was a marked tendency on the part of Eustace Forsyte to take Turkish baths. The most fastidious of his family, who had carried imperturbability of demeanour to the pitch of defiance, he had perceived in the Turkish bath a gesture, as of a finger to a nose, in the face of a boring peril. As soon then as the maroons of alarm went off, he would issue from his rooms or Club and head straight for Northumberland Avenue. With his springy and slightly arched walk, as of a man spurning a pavement he would move deliberately among the hurrying throng; and, undressing without haste, would lay his form, remarkably trim and slim for a man well over fifty, on a couch in the hottest room at about the moment when less self-contained citizens were merely sweating in their shoes. Confirmed in the tastes of a widower of somewhat self-

centred character, he gave but few damns to what happened to anything—he it was who used to set his study on fire at school in order to practise being cool in moments of danger, and at College, on being dared, had jumped through a first-floor window and been picked up sensible.

Of AMERICANS:

“I’ve noticed about Americans that they care very little for money as money. They like to get it fast; but they’d rather lose it fast than get it slow.”

Of ART:

Art is the great and universal refreshment.

Of ART:

“Art was unsatisfactory. When it gave you the spirit, distilled the essence, it didn’t seem real; and when it gave you the gross, cross-currented, contradictory surface, it didn’t seem worth while. Attitudes, fleeting expressions, tricks of light—all by way of being ‘real,’ and nothing revealed!”

Of AUTHORITY:

Laws . . . are only scaffolding.

B

Of *BACH*

Of *BARGAINS*

Of *BEHAVIOUR* (*Prudent*)

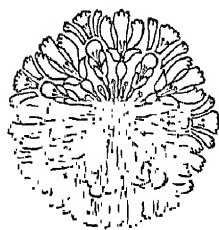
Of *BICYCLES*

Of *BOOKMAKERS*

Of *BREEDING* (*Good*)

Of *BREEDING OF RACE HORSES*

Of *BOARDS*



Of *BACH*:

It was obviously Bach, but she did not know what. An endearing, cool, and lovely tune, coming over and over and over, monotonous, yet moving as only Bach could be.

"A Chorale of Bach, set by a pianist."

"Glorious! Your ears on heaven, and your feet in flowery fields."

Of *BARGAINS*:

"What would you have me do with it, then?"

"Send it back; sell it again."

"I shouldn't get anything for it."

"But you said it was a bargain, Pater."

Of *BEHAVIOUR (Prudent)*:

"If you come across a man and woman quarrelling in the street, what do you do?"

"Pass by on the other side, if you can get there in time."

Of *BICYCLES*:

It has been responsible for more movement in manners and morals than anything since Charles the Second. At its bone-shaking inception inno-

cent, because of its extraordinary discomfort, in its 'penny-farthing' stage harmless, because only dangerous to the lives and limbs of the male sex, it began to be a dissolvent of the most powerful type when accessible to the fair, in its present form. Under its influence, wholly or in part, have wilted chaperones, long and narrow skirts, tight corsets, hair that would come down, black stockings, thick ankles, large hats, prudery and fear of the dark; under its influence, wholly or in part, have bloomed week-ends, strong nerves, strong legs, strong language, knickers, knowledge of make and shape, knowledge of woods and pastures, equality of sex, good digestion and professional occupation—in four words, the emancipation of woman.

Of BOOKMAKERS:

They all seemed to him the same, with large necks and red faces, or scraggy necks and lean faces, one of each kind in every firm, like a couple of music-hall comedians. And every now and then one of them gave a sort of circular howl and looked hungrily at space.

Of BREEDING (Good):

"What's talked of as 'breeding' in humans is an attribute of mind rather than of body. What one thinks and feels is mainly due to tradition, habit and education."

Of BREEDING OF RACE HORSES:

Stars might come loose, Prime Ministers be knighted, Archdukes restored, towns swallowed up by earthquakes, together with all other forms of catastrophe, so long as Jack Muskham could blend St. Simon on Speculum with the right dashes of Hampton and Bend Or; or, in accordance with a more original theory of his own, could get old Herod through Le Sancy at the extreme top and extreme bottom of a pedigree which had Carbine and Barcaldine blood in between. He was, in fact, an idealist. To breed the perfect horse was his ideal. Not that he ever mentioned it—one did not use such a word! Nor did he bet, so that he was never deflected in his judgments by earthly desires. He was in truth an outstanding example of the eminence in his walk of life that can be attained by a man who serves a single end with complete and silent fidelity.

Of BOARDS:

"I've known him all my life; we were at Winchester together." On the Board they had all, as it were, been at Winchester together. It was the very deuce! They were all so honourable that they dared not scrutinise each other, or even their own collective policy. And this was natural, for to distrust each other was an immediate evil. And immediate evils are those

which one avoids. Indeed, only the tendency to lie awake between the hours of two and four, when the chrysalis of faint misgiving becomes so readily the butterfly of panic, had developed his uneasiness.





Of COURAGE
Of CHAIRS (*Certain*)
Of CHANGE
Of CARRIAGE
Of CHARACTER
Of CHELSEA
Of CIRCLES
 (*The Squaring Thereof*)
Of CLAMS
Of COMMITTEES
Of CONCLAVES
Of CONSCIENCE
Of CREEDS



Of COURAGE:

"And when Death calls across his shadowy fields—

Dying, it answers: "Here! I am not dead!"

Of CERTAIN CHAIRS:

"True—no one ever sat on them now, because they were straight up without arms; and in these days, of course, everybody sprawled; so restless too, that no chair could stand it."

Of CHANGE:

"Everything's changing, and has got to change, no doubt, and how to save the old that's worth saving, whether in landscape, houses, manners, institutions, or human types, is one of our greatest problems, and the one that we bother least about. We save our works of art, our old furniture, we have our cult—and a strong one—of 'antiques,' and not even the most go-ahead modern thought objects to that. Why not the same throughout our social life? 'The old order changeth'—yes, but we ought to be able to preserve beauty and dignity, and the sense of service, and manners—things that have come very

slowly, and can be made to vanish very fast if we aren't set on preserving them somehow. Human nature being what it is, nothing seems to me more futile than to level to the ground and start again. The old order had many excrescences, and was by no means all 'werry capital,' but, now that the housebreakers are in, one does see that you can smash in an hour what has taken centuries to produce; and that, unless you can see your way pretty clearly to replace what admittedly wasn't perfect with something more perfect, you're throwing human life back instead of advancing it. The thing is to pick on what is worth preserving, though I don't say there's very much that is."

Of CHANGE:

Change! There's nothing but change. It's the one constant. Well! Who wouldn't have a river rather than a pond?

Of CARRIAGE:

"Carriage went out with Edward. It was succeeded by the lope. All you young women lope as if you were about to spring on to something and make a getaway. I've been trying to foresee what will come next. Logically it should be the bound, but it may quite well revert and be the languish."

Of CHARACTER:

What is there to believe in? Character—our way of showing the desire for perfection. Nursing the best that's in one.

Of CHELSEA:

It was not what it used to be. Even in Late Victorian days he remembered the inhabitants as somewhat troglodytic—persons inclined to duck their heads, with here and there a high light or historian. Charwomen, artists hoping to pay their rent, writers living on four-and-seven-pence a day, ladies prepared to shed their clothes at a shilling an hour, couples maturing for the Divorce Court, people who liked a draught, together with the worshippers of Turner, Carlyle, Rosetti, and Whistler; some publicans, not a few sinners, and the usual sprinkling of those who eat mutton four times a week. Behind a river façade hardening into the palatial, respectability had gradually thickened, till it was now lapping the incurable King's Road and emerging even there in bastions of Art and Fashion.

Of CIRCLES (*The Squaring Thereof*):

"Honesty was never the best policy from a material point of view. The sentiment is purely Victorian. The Victorians were wonderful fellows for squaring circles. They could think

what they wanted to better than anybody. When times are fat, you can."

"But if it's the best *policy*, there never was any virtue in it, was there?"

Of CLAMS:

"That travesty of the self-respecting bivalve is the only tangible proof of American idealism. They've got it on a pedestal, and go so far as to eat it. When the Americans renounce the clam, they will have become realistic and joined the League of Nations. We shall be dead."

Of COMMITTEES:

In an age almost exclusively governed by Committees he knew fairly well what Committees were governed by. A Committee must not meet too soon after food, for then the Committeemen would sleep; nor too soon before food, because then the Committeemen would be excitable. The Committeemen should be allowed to say what they liked, without direction, until each was tired of hearing the others say it. But there must be someone present, preferably the Chairman, who said little, thought more, and could be relied on to be awake when that moment was reached, whereupon a middle policy voiced by him to exhausted receivers, would probably be adopted.

OF CONCLAVES:

"To deaden feeling on any subject one only needs to sit in conclave. Whenever the Government got into trouble, they appointed a Commission. Whenever a man did something wrong, he went into consultation with solicitor and counsel. If he himself hadn't been sitting in conclave, would he ever have put the fat into the fire like this? The conclave had dulled his feelings."

OF CONSCIENCE:

He had not that maddening conscientiousness which refused happiness for the sake of refusing.

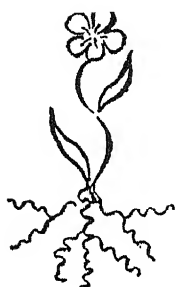
OF CREEDS:

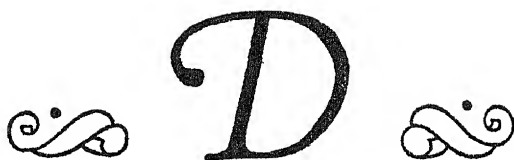
"Most of the people who came this afternoon would be shocked if you said they weren't Christians; and most of them would be still more shocked if you asked them to give half their goods to the poor—and that would make them only well-disposed Pharisees, or was it Sadducees?"

"Are you a Christian, Uncle Lawrence?"

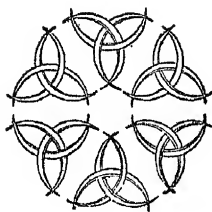
"No, my dear; if anything a Confucian, who, as you know, was simply an ethical philosopher. Most of our caste in this country, if they only knew it, are Confucian rather than Christian. Belief in ancestors, and tradition, respect for parents, honesty, moderation of conduct, kind

treatment of animals and dependents, absence of self-obtrusion, and stoicism in face of pain and death.”





Of *DECEIT*
Of *DOWNS*
Of *DOGS*
Of *DEVOTION*
Of *DUTY*
Of *DEVON*
Of *DESERTS*
Of *DINNY (Musing)*
Of *DISHARMONY (Inner)*
Of *DEFINING*
Of *DANCING (Past and Present)*



Of DECEIT:

To deceive undoubtedly requires a course of training.

Of THE DOWNS:

“And the lark’s song, and the wind song,
And the scent of the parching grass!”

Of DOGS:

“By muteness a dog becomes for one utterly beyond value.”

Of DEVOTION:

“I am a world devoted quite
That lives but when thou’rt in my sight . . .”

Of DUTY:

He found his duty in life very clear, and other people’s perhaps clearer.

Of DEVON:

“There’s many a scent and many a tune
An’ over all the liddle mune!”

Of DESERTS:

“And—ah!—my heart!—I knew again
The scent of rain, the scent of rain!”

Of DINNY, MUSING AT NIGHT ON GOD:

Perpetual motion in perpetual quiet? If that, indeed, were God, He was not of much immediate use to mortals; but why should He be? When Saxenden tailored the hare and it had cried, had God heard and quivered? When her hand was pressed, had He seen and smiled? When Hubert in the Bolivian wilds had lain fever-stricken, had He sent an angel with quinine? When that star up there went out billions of years hence, and hung cold and lightless, would He note it on His shirt-cuff? The million million leaves and blades of grass down there that made the texture of the deeper darkness, the million million stars that gave the light by which she saw that darkness, all—all the result of perpetual motion in endless quiet, all part of God. And she herself, and the smoke of her cigarette, the jasmine under her nose, whose colour was invisible, and the movement of her brain deciding that it was not yellow; that dog barking so far away that the sound was as a thread by which the woof of silence, could be grasped;—all endowed with the purpose remote, endless, pervading, incomprehensible, of God!

ER DISHARMONY:

ave you realised that a man who has a
rrel with himself is not fit to live with until
got it over? That's all I wanted to say; but
a good deal!"

NING:

national look's the most difficult thing in the
ld to define."

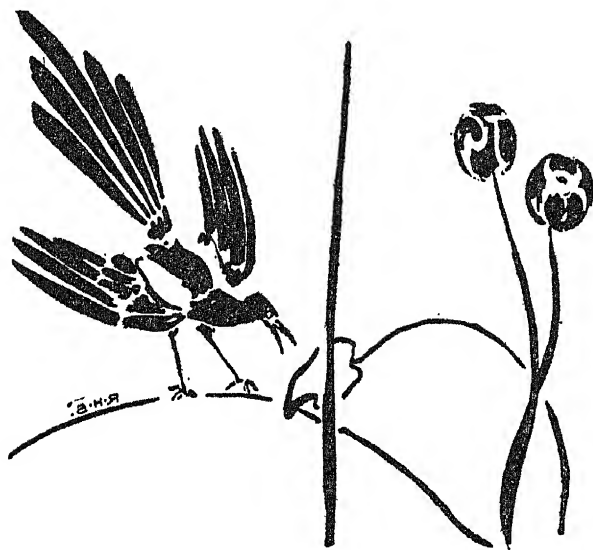
CING (Past and Present):

ook at the Highland Schottische, where you
n round and howled; and the old galop to
tune: 'D'ye ken John Peel?'—some stingo in
n—and you had to change your collar.
ple posed nowadays; they posed as viveurs,
l all the rest of it, but they didn't vive; they
ught too much about how to."



Ε

Of ERRANTRY
Of ENGLAND (To-day)



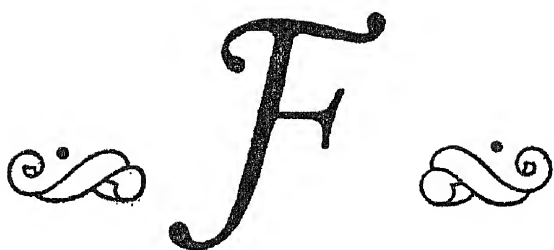
Of ERRANTRY:

“For who would live so petty and unblest
That dare not tilt at something ere he die!”

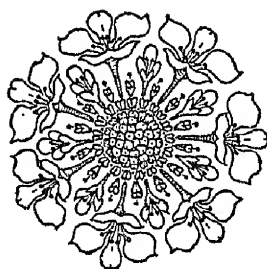
Of ENGLAND (To-day):

“My dear, you have lived too long among the
primitives.
Over here we stab each other daily, and no harm
done.”





Of *FIGHTING*
Of *FORCE*
Of *FEAR*
Of *FEBRUARY*
Of *FLOWER-SHOWS*
Of *FAITH (Post-War)*



Of FIGHTING:

To fight to a finish, knowing you must be beaten.
Is anything better worth it?

Of FORCE:

"If Sirs, the faith of Men be Force alone,
Let us ring down—the farce is nothing worth!"

Of FEAR:

It's the black godmother of all damnable things.

Of FEBRUARY:

"Not a song and not a cry—
Stillest moment of the year!"

Of FLOWER-SHOWS:

The tent they entered was warm with humanity and perfume, though the day was damp and cool. The ingenious beauty of each group of blossoms was being digested by variegated types of human being, linked only through that mysterious air of kinship which comes from attachment to the same pursuit. All moved with a prying air, as if marking down their own

next ventures; and alongside the nurserymen would stop and engage as if making bets. And the subdued murmur of voices, cockneyfied, countryfied, cultivated, all commenting on flowers, formed a hum like that of bees, if not so pleasing.

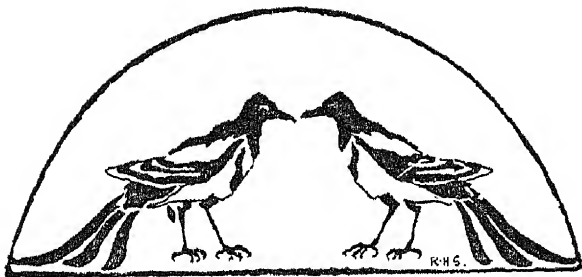
Of *FAITH* (*Post-War*):

Can you have faith in a Life-Force so darned extravagant that it makes mincemeat of you by the million?





Of GENTILITY
Of GOATS
Of GENERATIONS (*Three*)
Of GARDENERS



Of GENTILITY:

Assume that every man is a gentleman, and every woman a lady. . . .

Of GOATS:

"I've often thought I should like to be a goat. Not in England, tied to a stake and grazing in a mangy little circle. No; with a bell, on a mountain. A he-goat, I think, so as not to be milked."

Of THREE GENERATIONS: (*Reflections from the Middle*):

"I think everything's talked out too much. It's talked out so much that it's not felt. I believe *mine* was the really revolutionary generation. You saw that play about Browning? That was all gone before I went to Sandhurst. We thought as we liked, and we acted as we thought, but we still didn't talk. Now they talk before they think, and when it comes to action, they act much as we did, if they act at all. In fact, the chief difference between now and fifty years ago is the freedom of expression; it's so free now that it takes the salt out of things."

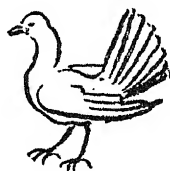
OF GARDENERS:

He couldn't seem to remember ever having seen an English gardener otherwise than about to work. He gazed at his gardener, who had a narrow face, rather on one side, owing to the growth of flowers. "You can't get extra labour? When there are about a million and a half people out of employment?" "And where they get to, I can't think," said the gardener.

"Most of them are playing instruments in the streets . . . Mrs. Mont will be down to-morrow. I shall want some good flowers in the house."

"Very little at this time of year, Sir."

"I never knew a time of year when there was much."



~ H ~

Of *HATING*

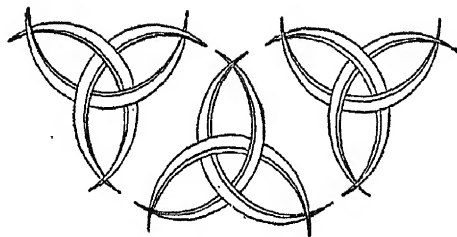
Of *HUMANITY*

Of *HISTORY*

Of *HORSES (In Statuary and in Life)*

Of *HOUSES (Old)*

Of *HONESTY*



Of HATING:

"I never could hate properly; it's a confounded nuisance."

Of HUMANITY:

"From every well-born soul humanity is owing."

Of HISTORY:

"Has it ever struck you that history is nothing but the story of how people have taken things into their own hands, and got themselves or others into and out of trouble over it?"

Of THE HORSE, IN STATUARY:

"It *is* a horse, not just a prancing barrel with teeth, nostrils and an arch."

Of THE HORSE, IN LIFE:

The horse is an animal that seems to close the pores of the spirit. He makes you too watchful. You don't only have to watch him, but everybody connected with him.

Of *AN OLD HOUSE*:

That dreadful house at Porthminster. It did so
smell of preserved mice.

Of *HONESTY*:

"I always looked on him as the professional
honest man."

"But he *is* honest."

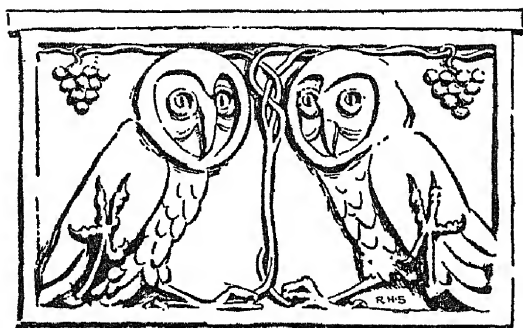
"Yes, but when he speaks he always alludes to
it."

"That's true. But one must have a defect!"



I

Of IDEALISM
Of IMAGINATION
Of INDESTRUCTIBILITY
Of INDELIBILITY
Of INTEGRITY
Of INTERROGATORIES



Of *IDEALISM*:

"Idealism is just a by-product of geography—it's the haze that lies in the middle distance. The further you are from bed-rock, the less quick you need be to see it. We're twenty sea-miles more idealistic about the European situation than the French are. And you're three thousand sea-miles more idealistic than we are. But when it's a matter of niggers, we're three thousand sea-miles more idealistic than you; isn't this so?"

Of *IMAGINATION*:

"There's nothing wrong with our humanity; it's our imagination——!"

Of *INDESTRUCTIBILITY*:

"If the British could be destroyed they would have perished long ago of their coffee. Have some more?"

Of *THE INDELIBLE*:

"I was talking to a man last night who thought that nothing nowadays makes an indelible mark.

Cheating at cards, boning necklaces—you go abroad for two years and it's all forgotten. As for sex abnormality, according to him it's no longer abnormal. So we must cheer up!"

Of INTEGRITY:

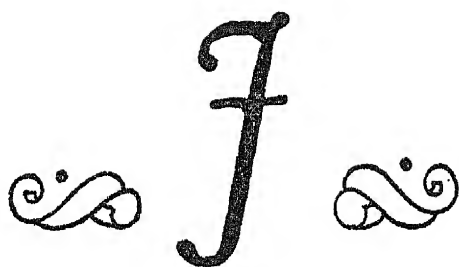
"Anxiety about the integrity of public men would be admirable, if it wasn't so usually felt by those who have so little integrity themselves that they can't give others credit for it."

Of INTERROGATORIES (Legal):

"How's the action?"

"The last I heard was something about administering what they call interrogatories."

"Ah! I know. They answer you in a way nobody can make head or tail of, and that without prejudice. Then they administer them to you, and you answer in the same way; it all helps the lawyers."



Of JUDGMENT

Of JUDGMENT (Pronouncing of)



JUDGMENT:

Those who by temperament are worst fitted are usually the first to judge.

PRONOUNCING JUDGMENT:

“That saying: ‘Judge not that ye be not judged’ is extraordinarily comforting until you’ve got to do something about it. After that it appears to amount to less than nothing; all action is based on judgments, tacit or not.”



~ K ~

Of K.C. (A)



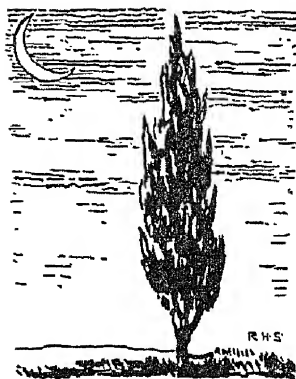
Of A K.C.:

At close quarters his whiskers seemed to give him an intensive respectability—difficult to imagine him dancing, gambling, or in bed. In spite of his large practice, too, he enjoyed the reputation of being thorough; he might be relied on to know more than half the facts of any case by the time he went into Court, and to pick up the rest as he went along—or at least not to show that he hadn't.



L

OF LIVES
OF LAMPS
OF LOVE
OF LAW



Of LIVES:

"The sunny sudden smiles of God that glisten forth and die."

Of LAMPS:

"Like stars low-driven from the skies."

Of LOVE:

He walked slowly, thinking of the balance-sheet that confronts each lover's unlimited liability. No waterings of capital nor any insurance could square or guarantee that shifting lifelong document. By love was man flung into the world, with love was he in business nearly all his days, making debts or profit; and when he died was by the results of love, if not by the parish, buried and forgotten. In this swarming London not a creature but was deeply in account with a Force so whimsical, inexorable, and strong, that none, man or woman, in their proper senses would choose to do business with it. "Good match," "happy marriage," "ideal partnership," "lifelong union," ledgered against "don't get on," "just a flare up," "tragic state of things," "misfit." All his other activities man

could insure, modify, foresee, provide against (save the inconvenient activity of death); love he could not. It stepped to him out of the night, into the night returned. It stayed, it fled. On one side or the other of the balance-sheet it scored an entry, leaving him to cast up and wait for the next entry. It mocked dictators, parliaments, judges, bishops, police, and even good intentions; it maddened with joy and grief; wanted, procreated, thieved, and murdered; was devoted, faithful, fickle. It had no shame, and owned no master; built homes and gutted them; passed by on the other side; and now and again made of two hearts one heart till death. To think of London, Manchester, Glasgow without love appeared to Adrian, walking up the Charing Cross Road, to be easy; and yet without love not one of these passing citizens would be sniffing the petrol of this night air, not one grimy brick would have been laid upon brick, not one bus be droning past, no street musician would wail, nor lamp light up the firmament. A somewhat primary concern!

Of LOVE:

A strange haphazard thing, spun between ecstasy and torture!

Of THE LAW:

"I sometimes think that the Law is overrated.

It's really a rough-and-ready system, with about as much accuracy in adjusting penalty to performance as there is to a doctor's diagnosis of a patient he sees for the first time; and yet, for some mysterious reason we give it the sanctity of the Holy Grail and treat its dicta as if they were the broadcastings of God."



M

Of *MEALS*

Of *MOUNTAINS*

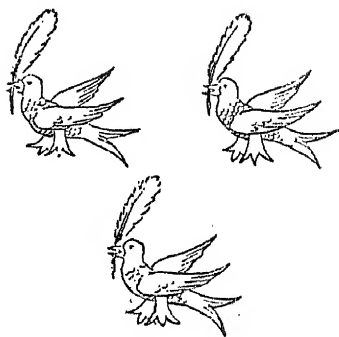
Of *MORTALITY*

Of *MINIATURES*

Of *MICHAEL MONT*
(*Reflecting*)

Of *MUSIC*

Of *MODERN MUSIC*



MEALS:

That the most pregnant function of human life is the meal, will be admitted by all who take part in these recurrent crises. The impossibility of 'getting down' from table renders it the most formidable of human activities among people civilised to the point of swallowing not only their food but their feelings.

MEALS:

"Is eating little a good sign, do you think?"

"Not if done on principle."

"You don't like things done on principle?"

"I distrust the people who do them—self-righteous."

MEALS:

There is wonderful finality about a meal.

CEREMONIAL MEALS:

Adrian had a brain wave. He would ask her to eat something with him, though why food should be regarded as consolatory neither he nor anyone else has ever known.

Of MOUNTAINS:

"Take towns and all that you'll find there,
And leave me sun and mountain air!"

Of MORTALITY:

Queer, that 'beauty' ache! Lurking consciousness of mortality, perhaps knowledge that all things must slip away from one in time, and the greater their beauty the greater the loss in store! Mistake in our make-up, that. We ought to feel—the greater the earth's beauty, the more marvellous the screen of light and wind and foliage, the lovelier Nature, in fact—the deeper and sweeter our rest in Her will be. All very puzzling.

Of MINIATURES (*The Frenchwoman*):

"Here's French culture in excelsis; quick intelligence, wit, industry, decision, intellectual but not emotional aestheticism, no humour, conventional sentiment but no other, a having tendency—mark the eye; a sense of form, no originality, very clear but limited mental vision—nothing dreamy about her; quick but controlled blood. All of a piece, with very distinct edges."

Of MINIATURES (*The American Woman*):

"Now here's an American of rare type, tip-top cultured variety. Notice chiefly a look as if she had an invisible bitt in her mouth and knew it;

in her eyes is a battery she'll make use of but only with propriety. She'll be very well preserved to the end of her days. Good taste, a lot of knowledge, not much learning."

Of MINIATURES (The German Woman):

"See this German! Emotionally more uncontrolled, and less sense of form than either of those others, but has a conscience, is a hard worker, great sense of duty, not much taste, some rather unhandy humour. If she doesn't take care she'll get fat. Plenty of sentiment, plenty of good sound sense too. More capacious in every way. She isn't perhaps a very good specimen."

Of MINIATURES (The Italian Woman):

"Here's my prize Italian. She's interesting. Beautifully varnished, with something feral, or let's say—natural, behind. Has a mask on, prettily shaped, prettily worn, liable to fall off. Knows her own mind, perhaps too well, gets her own way if she can, and if she can't, gets somebody else's. Poetic only in connection with her senses. Strong feelings, domestic and otherwise. Clear-eyed towards danger, plenty of courage but easily unnerved. Fine taste, subject to bad lapses. No liking for Nature, here. Intellectually decisive, but not industrious or enquiring. And here", said Sir Lawrence, suddenly con-

fronting Dinny, "I shall have my prize English specimen. Do you want to hear about her?"

"Help!"

"Oh! I'll be quite impersonal. Here we have a selfconsciousness, developed and controlled to the point where it becomes un-selfconsciousness. To this lady Self is the unforgivable intruder. We observe a sense of humour, not devoid of wit, which informs and somewhat sterilises all else. We are impressed by what I may call a look not so much of domestic as of public or social service, not to be found in our other types. We discover a sort of transparency, as if air and dew had got into the system. We decide that *pre*-cision is lacking, precision of learning, action, thought, judgment, but that *dec*ision is very present. The senses are not highly developed, the æsthetic emotions are excited more readily by natural than by artificial objects. There is not the capacity of the German; the clarity of the Frenchwoman; the duality or colour of the Italian; the disciplined neatness of the American; but there is a peculiar something—for which, my dear, I will leave you to discover the word—that makes me very anxious to have you in my collection of cultures."

"But I am not in the least cultured, Uncle Lawrence."

"I use the infernal word for want of a better, and by it I don't mean learning. I mean the stamp left by blood plus bringing-up, the two

taken strictly together. If that Frenchwoman had had your bringing-up, she yet wouldn't have had your stamp, Dinny; nor would you with her bringing-up have had her stamp."

Of *MINIATURES (The Russian Woman)*:

"More fluid and more fluent than any of the others. That woman must have wanted to go deep into everything, and never wanted to stay there long. I'll wager she ran through life at a great pace, and, if alive, is still running, and it's taking much less out of her than it would take out of you. The face gives you the feeling that she's experienced more emotions, and been less exhausted by them than any of the others."

Of *MINIATURES (The Spanish Woman)*:

"Here's my Spaniard, perhaps the most interesting of the lot. That is woman brought up apart from man; I suspect she's getting rare. There's a sweetness here, a touch of the convent; not much curiosity, a lot of pride, very little conceit; might be devastating in her affections, don't you think; and rather difficult to talk to?"

Of *MICHAEL MONT (Reflecting in the House)*:

"What did he really care about? Leaving the world better than he found it? Sitting there, he couldn't help perceiving a certain vagueness

about such an aspiration, even when confined to England. It was the aspiration of the House of Commons; but in the ebb and flow of Party, it didn't seem to make much progress. Better to fix on some definite bit of administration, and get something done. . . . Lots of vitality in England still—numbers of red-haired children! But the vitality got sooted as it grew up—like plants in a back garden. Slum clearance, smoke abolition, industrial peace, emigration, agriculture, and safety in the air! 'Them's my sentiments!' thought Michael. 'And if that isn't a large enough policy for any man, I'm ——!'

Of MUSIC (A direct reply by J. G. to an enquirer):

Affected by music? I should just think so! By nothing more. My creative muse feels like a garden—or shall we say a weed-bed?—in a drought when it gets no rain- or dew-fall of music. But music is for me like poetry: I like or dislike it very definitely, with physical sensations of delight or of irritation. I'm not at all catholic and not at all learned. I know not in the least why I can't bear Wagner, and love "The Songs of the Hebrides," Gluck's "Orfeo," Cæsar Franck's Violin Sonata, or Ravel's "Pavane"; why I dislike Meyerbeer and love "Carmen," or why, the same evening, I should listen with equal rapture to Chopin and the Bach "St. Matthew Passion."

OF *VERY MODERN MUSIC*:

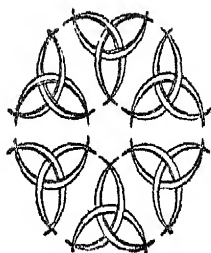
One could never go to a concert of any of this school without using the word "interesting" as one was coming away. She had a natural sense of rhythm which caused her discomfort during those long and "interesting" passages which evidenced, as it were, the composer's rise and fall from his bed of thorns.





Of *NIGHT* (October)

Of *NEWSPAPERS* (Readers of)



Of NIGHT (October):

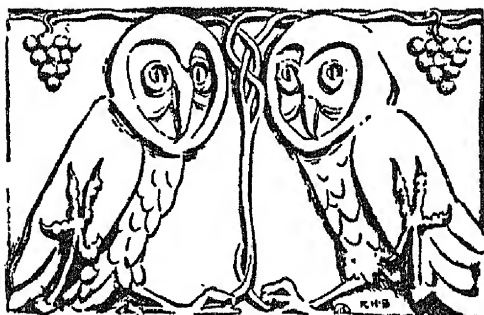
But the night was ridden by the moon; nearly full, it soared up in front of her window, discouraging sleep. There was evidently a frost, and a ground mist stretched like fleece over the fields. The tall elms, ragged-edged, seemed to be sailing slowly along over the white vapour. The earth out there was unknown by her, as if it had dropped from that moon. . . . It was cold, uncanny, a frozen glamour.

Of NEWSPAPERS (*The Reading of*):

It has often been remarked that the breakfast-tables of people who avow themselves indifferent to what the Press may say of them are garnished by all the newspapers on the morning when there is anything to say.



Of OLD ORCHARD (Arz)



OF AN OLD ORCHARD:

She crossed the plank and slipped in among the apple-trees. They seemed to live brightly between her and the moving, moonlit, wind-brushed sky. They seemed to breathe, almost to be singing in praise at the unfolding of their blossoms. They were lit in a thousand shapes of whitened branches, and all beautiful, as if someone had made each with a rapt and moon-struck pleasure and brightened it with starshine. And this had been done in here each Spring for a hundred years or more. The whole world seemed miraculous on a night like this, but always the yearly miracle of the apple blooming was to Dinny most moving of all. The many miracles of England thronged her memory, while she stood among the old trunks inhaling the lichen-bark-dusted air. Upland grass with larks singing, the stilly drip in coverts when sun came after rain; gorse on wind-blown commons; horses turning and turning at the end of the long mole-coloured furrows; river waters now bright, now green-tinged beneath the willows; thatch and its wood-smoke; swathed hay meadows; tawnied corn-fields; the bluish distances

beyond, and the ever-changing sky—all these were as jewels in her mind, but the chief was this white magic of the Spring.





- Of *PASSION*
- Of *PEACE* (*The Bells of*)
- Of *PRAYER*
- Of *POLICY*
- Of *PARIS*
- Of *PERSONALITY*
- Of *PICCADILLY*
- Of *PAST* (*Of an Old Maid*)
- Of *PROPERTY*
- Of *PRIDE* (*Wounded*)
- Of *PARSON AND WIFE*
(*The Modern*)
- Of *PAINTER* (*On his Work*)
- Of *PESSIMISM*
- Of *POLITICS*



Of PASSION:

Passion never plays the game.

Of PASSION:

Did all human passion burn away and drift in a blue film over the fields, obscure for a moment the sight of the sun and the shapes of the crops and the trees, then fade into air and leave the clear hard day; and no difference anywhere? Not quite! For smoke was burnt tissue, and where fire had raged there was alteration.

Of PEACE (The Bells):

"Ring out the Past, and let not Hate bereave
Our dreaming Dead of all they died to win."

Of PRAYER:

"Make firm in me a heart too brave
To ask Thee anything!"

Of POLICY:

"Ef yu're beaten never know et,
Tes'n policy tu show et."

Of PARIS:

"Except for cars in place of *fiacres*, and the Eiffel Tower, I don't see any real change by daylight since I was first here in '88. There's the same tang of coffee and wood-smoke in the air; people have the same breadth of back, the same red buttons in their coats; there are the same tables outside the same cafés, the same *affiches*, the same funny little stalls for selling books, the same violently miraculous driving; the same pervading French grey, even to the sky; and the same rather ill-tempered look of not giving a damn for anything outside Paris. Paris leads fashion, and yet it's the most conservative place in the world. They say the advanced literary crowd here regard the world as having begun in 1914 at earliest, have scrapped everything that came before the war, despise anything that lasts, are mostly Jews, Poles, and Irishmen, and yet have chosen this changeless town to function in. The same with the painters and musicians, and every other extremist. Here they gather and chatter and experiment themselves to death. And good old Paris laughs and carries on, as concerned with reality and flavours and the past as it ever was. Paris produces anarchy exactly as stout produces froth."

Of PERSONALITY:

"It wasn't exactly pulling strings with him, my

dear: it was suavity and power of personality."

"Manners?"

"Manner—the Grand; it about died with him."

Of PICCADILLY:

"The spirit of Piccadilly is stronger than the street itself; you can't destroy its atmosphere. You never see a top hat now, and yet it doesn't seem to make any difference. I felt the same walking down Piccadilly after the war as I did as a youngster back from India. One just had the feeling of having got there at last."

Of THE PAST (An Old Maid's):

People felt, in fact, not that she owned a past, but that all her life she had been renouncing a past which she might very well have had.

Of PROPERTY:

"People sneered at property nowadays; but property was a proof of good judgment—it was one's *amour propre* half the time."

Of PRIDE (Wounded):

Is there any older, deeper, more obstinate cause of human trouble, or any more natural and excusable?

Of A MODERN PARSON (*And Wife*):

As if in their twenty odd years together, they had welded a single instrument to carry out a new discovery—the unselfconscious day. They were not fools, yet cleverness in their presence seemed *jejeune*, and as if unrelated to reality. They knew a vast deal about flowers, printing, architecture, mountains, drains, electricity, the price of living, Italian cities; they knew how to treat the ailments of dogs, play musical instruments, administer first and even second aid, amuse children, and cause the aged to laugh. They could discuss anything from religion to morality, with fluency and the tolerance that came from experience of the trials of others and forgetfulness of their own.

Of A PAINTER (*On his Work*):

“That is why my work is important and seems new. People have got so far away from the obvious that the obvious startles them, and nothing else does. I advise you to think that over. A platitude has to be stated with force and clarity. It’s a platitude that a woman is always after the soul of a man, a child, or a dog. Look at the Sistine Madonna! The baby has a soul of its own, and the Madonna’s floating on the soul of the baby. That’s what makes it a great picture, apart from the line and colour. It states a great platitude.”

OF PESSIMISM (A direct reply by J. G. to an Enquirer):

The true pessimist and unvirile man is he, who, unless he can look forward to a future life, does not think it worth while to make the best of this; for he has obviously not within him sufficient vitality to say: 'I enjoy life—I love living. Let me do all I can to get the best and finest out of my existence.' The monks would answer this creed with the sneer: 'Finest! Enjoyment and that word do not go hand-in-hand, son. If you confess that enjoyment of this life is your highest end—enjoy life, but you will therefore live it like a pig.'

But the virile man rejoins: 'Monks! My intelligence and heart both tell me that if it is good for me to enjoy this life, it is good for other people. I wish to order this existence, which is to me so fine and full of fun, so that I need never enjoy it at the expense of others, nor they at the expense of myself. And in the firm belief that this is a possible state of things for mankind to bring about, I go forward.' And this is the true gospel of love, among many other things.

OF POLITICS:

In politics you can shuffle the cards, but you mustn't add or subtract.

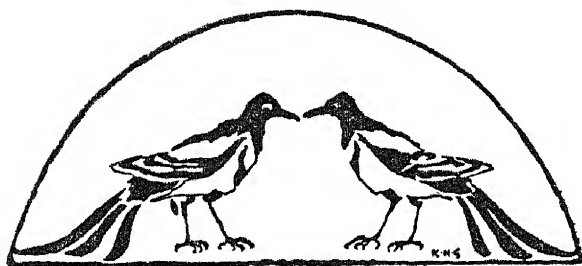
R

Of RELIGIONS

Of RELIGION

Of RESTAURANT

(Poor and Small)



Of RELIGIONS:

"Religion was nearly dead because there was no longer real belief in a future life; but something was struggling to take its place—service—social service—the ant's creed, the bee's creed! Communism had formulated it and was whipping it into the people from the top. The quick way, no doubt, but the sure way? No. The voluntary system remained the best, because when once it got hold it lasted—only, it was so damned slow!"

Of RELIGION:

Fate prepares for each the religion coiled in his most secret nerves. . . .

Of A RESTAURANT (*Poor and Small*):

They sat down at a small table with a cruet-stand, a hand-bell, a bottle of Worcester sauce, and in a vase some failing pyrethrums that had never been fresh. There was a faint smell of vinegar.



Of *SPRING*

Of *SUN (The)*

Of *SCANDAL*

Of *SERENITY*

Of *SNOOZING*

Of *STARS (The)*

Of *STRIKE (The General)*

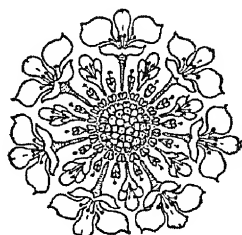
Of *SOAMES*

(Inadvertently Winning on a Race)

Of *SOAMES (Motoring up Bury Hill)*

Of *SLUMS*

Of *SLUM-PROPERTY OWNERS*



Of *SPRING*:

"There's mating madness in the air,
Passionate, grave. The blossoms burst. . . ."

Of *THE SUN*:

"Praising I live, and when I foundered be,
O thou belovèd sunlight, cover me!"

Of *SCANDAL*:

"Mean your skies, and mean the ways you
tread!"

Of *SERENITY*:

"Serene these hours—
Serene is God!"

Of *SNOOZING*:

"After a certain age, as you'll find out, one gets
a liking for dropping off at improper moments.
Now, Sir Lawrence—he's not a good sleeper,
but, give you my word, if I go into his study
almost any time when he's at work, I'll find him
opening his eyes. And my Lady—she can do
her eight hours, but I've known her to drop off

when someone's talking to her, especially the old Rector—a courtly old gentleman, but he has that effect. Even Mr. Michael—but 'e's in Parliament, and they get the 'abit. Still, I do think, Miss, whether it was the war, or people not having any hope, and running about so much, that there's a tendency, as the saying is, towards sleep."

Of *THE STARS*:

She looked up at the stars that fought against her. Did the ancients really believe that, or was it with them, as with her, just a manner of speaking? Did those bright wheeling jewels on the indigo velvet of all space really concern themselves with little men, the lives and loves of human insects, who, born from an embrace, met and clung and died and became dust? Those candescent worlds, circled by little offsplit planets—were their names taken in vain, or were they really in their motions and their relative positions the writing on the wall for men to read? No! That was only human self-importance! To his small wheel man bound the Universe. Swing low, sweet chariot! But they didn't! Man swung with them—in space. . . .

Of *THE STRIKE (General)*:

He noticed that both sides had expressed the intention of meeting the other side in every way,

without, of course, making any concessions whatever. If the newspapers were not to come out, one would at least get a chance of feeling and seeing British character; owing to the papers, one never had seen or felt it clearly during the war, at least not in England. In the trenches, of course, one had—there, sentiment and hate, advertisement and moonshine, had been ‘taboo,’ and with a grim humour the Briton had just ‘carried on’; unornamental and sublime, in the mud and the blood, the stink and the racket, and the endless nightmare of being pitchforked into fire without rhyme or reason! The Briton’s defiant humour that grew better as things grew worse, would—he felt—get its chance again now.

Of SOAMES (Inadvertently Winning on a Race):

Yes, by George! No! Yes! Entirely without approval his heart was beating painfully. ‘Absurd!’ he thought. ‘The Frenchman!’ “No! The favourite wins! He wins!” Almost opposite, the horse was shooting out. Good horse! Hooray! England for ever! Soames covered his mouth just in time to prevent the words escaping. Somebody said something to him. He paid no attention, and, carefully putting his glasses into their case, took off his grey hat and looked into it. There was nothing there except a faint discolouration of the buff leather where he had perspired.

Of *SOAMES* (*Motoring up Bury Hill*):

And over away to the South, high rising downs of a singularly cool green, as if they were white inside. Chalk—outcropping here and there, and sheep up on those downs, no doubt. A very pretty light, a silvery look, a nice prospect altogether, that made you feel thinner at once and lighter in the head. He didn't remember anything just like it. The deuce of a hill now, past chalk-pits and gravel-pits, and grassy down and dipping spurs of covert, past the lodge of a park, into a great beech-wood. Very pretty—very still—no life but trees, spreading trees, very cool, very green!

Of *SLUMS*:

She would say that those people having no æsthetic sense and no tradition to wash up to, are at least as happy as we are. She'd say that they get as much pleasure out of living from hand to mouth as we do from baths, jazz, poetry, and cocktails. Only, what a confession of defeat! If that were really so, to what end were they all dancing? If life with bugs and flies were as good as life without bugs and flies, why Keating's powder and all the other aspirations of the poets? Blake's 'New Jerusalem' was, surely, based on Keating, and Keating was based on a sensitive skin. To say, then, that civilisation was skin-deep wasn't cynical at all.

People possibly had souls, but they certainly had skins, and progress was real only if thought of in terms of skin!

Of SLUM-PROPERTY OWNERS (Several Views):

"We record our conviction that anyone who owns slum property ought to be shot. These gentlemen——"

"*That* won't do."

"Why not?"

"All sorts of respectable people own slum property—Widows, Syndicates, Dukes, goodness-knows-who! We can't go calling them gentlemen, and sayin' they ought to be shot. It won't *do!*"

The Bishop leaned forward:

"Might we rather word it like this: 'The signatories much regret that those persons who own slum property are not more alive to their responsibilities to the community at large!'"



T

Of TRAVEL

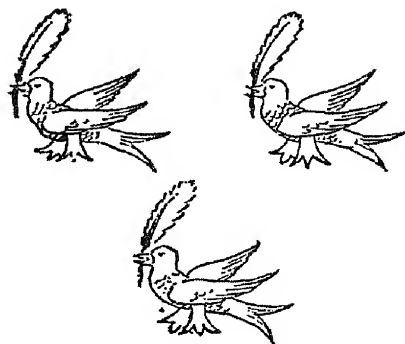
Of TENACITY

Of TRUTH

Of THAMES (*The*)

Of TOPPERS (*Grey*)

Of TANKS (*in London*)



Of *TRAVEL*:

“Sweet weary miles, and sweeter ends——”

Of *TENACITY*:

“Trouble shakes yu, hold on vaster!”

Of *TRUTH*:

Life—spiritually selected—that is Truth.

Of *THE THAMES*:

Halted, they gazed up the quiet river, deserted and fit for the bright birds. Failing light sprinkled it through willows on the southern bank. The quietest river, it seemed, in the world, most subdued to the moods of men, flowing with an even clear stream among bright fields and those drooping, shapely trees, having, as it were, a bland intensity of being, a presence of its own, gracious and apart.

Of *TOPPERS* (*Grey*):

“My dear, it’ll last you for years. The great thing is to prevent the moth getting into it, between seasons.”

Of 'TANKS' (*In London*):

"There it came! Like a great primeval monster in the lamplit darkness, growling and grunting along, a huge fantastic tortoise—like an embodiment of inexorable power . . . Father and mother and baby tanks—like a family of mastodons, m-m? No sense of proportion in things like that! And no sense of humour!"



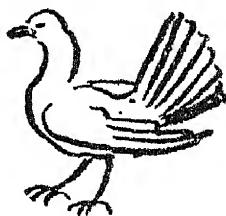


Of VIRTUE

Of VAMPING

Of VACUITY

Of VIEW-POINTS ON 1924



Of VIRTUE:

The most hopeful and inspiring thing on earth;
Courage without Hope!

Of VAMPING:

"Auntie—that's perfect! He's my objective!"
"I never heard it called that before!"

Of VACUITY:

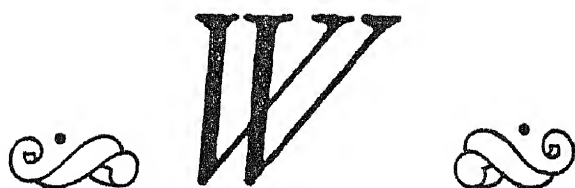
"This is a vacuous age—didn't you know?"
"Is there no limit?"
"A limit is what you can't go beyond; one can
always become more vacuous."

Of TWO VIEW-POINTS IN 1924:

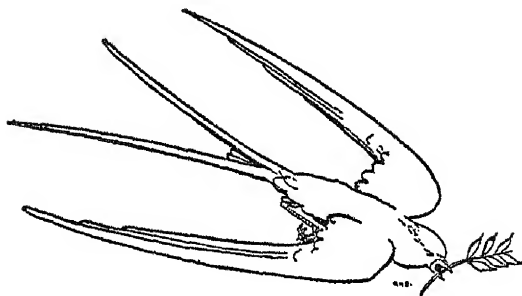
"The fine, the large, the florid—all off! No far-sighted views, no big schemes, no great principles; no great religion, or great art—æstheticism in cliques and backwaters, small men in small hats."

"It's an age of paradox. We all kick up for freedom, and the only institutions gaining strength are Socialism and the Roman Catholic

Church. We're frightfully self-conscious about art—and the only art development is the cinema. We're nuts on peace—and all we're doing about it is to perfect poison gas."



Of *WIND* (*The*)
Of *WEDDINGS*
Of *WEST AND EAST*
Of *WINNERS* (*The Finding of*)
Of *WEEKLIES* (*Illustrated*)



Of THE WIND:

“Wind, wind—wayman lover
Whistling in my tree!”

Of WEDDINGS:

“She’ll look like an angel; and the man’ll be in
black tails and a toothbrush moustache, and not
feelin’ what she thinks he is. Saddenin’!”

Of WEST AND EAST:

“In the East the Briton is generally isolated: traveller, archæologist, soldier, official, civilian, planter, doctor, engineer, or missionary, he’s almost always head man of a small separate show; he maintains himself against odds, on the strength of the Briton’s reputation. If a single Briton is found wanting, down goes the stock of all those other isolated Britons. People know that and recognise its importance. That’s what you’re up against, and it’s no use underestimating.”

Of FINDING WINNERS:

“Look for one or both of two things in a horse;

leverage behind, and personality—not looks, just personality.”

“Leverage behind? Do you mean higher behind than in front?”

“That’s about it. If you see that in a horse, especially where it has to come up a hill, back it.”

“But personality? Do you mean putting his head up and looking over the tops of people into the distance? I saw one horse do that; but I don’t know which horse it was.”

“That’s awkward.”

OF ILLUSTRATED WEEKLIES:

Weekly papers full of ladies with children or dogs, ladies with clothes in striking attitudes, ladies with no clothes in still more striking attitudes; men with titles, men in aeroplanes, statesmen in trouble, race-horses; large houses prefaced with rows of people with the names printed clearly for each.



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